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paper-hanging and carpeting, &c., when these are rarely beautiful and artistic. To a perfectly developed man, we believe that the idea of being a musician without being a poet also, would no more occur than that of being a colorist without being a designer; and we are sure that no other reason need be sought, either for the want of originality in our music and in our color, than the seeking of either without primary reference and consideration of poetic and artistic thought. Poetry in its noblest ages was always sung, and the poem was the leading and vital element, and we vaguely recognize this law in the position we give operatic music; but now, alas, any poet-aster writes the poem (?) and the composer goes to science and unrivified emotion for his harmonies. When we have a poet whose soul bursts out into some new song, whose melodies and harmonies shall be born of immortal and melodious thought, defying all rule and all law, save that of expression, the world will wake to hear a new school of music. The subject is suggestive, but not for us to follow out, save to draw a necessary sequence of importance to painting, *viz.*: that as color has its source in emotion, so by emotion purely it must be sought, and not at all by thought of systems or science, either of optics or chromatics—it must never be theorized on but simply *felt*, or it will be as cold and lifeless as the theory it is born of: and further, it can only be noble where its emotion comes from noble feeling, for noble subject. It may, in itself, be sweet and harmonious, as in the carpets of the east, some of which are almost of magical beauty; and as mere instrumental music, may be enrapturing, but sought continually for itself, it destroys the faculties which produce it, and so in the end leads to degradation and worthlessness.

We do not pretend to have exhausted the subject, nor to have touched on the hundredth part of the trains of thought which lead from it. Any thoughtful mind may follow out the clues it finds, but if we have established all that we have asserted, we have established the claim of Art to a position among these studies which are indispensable to the moral and intellectual perfection of humanity, to an influence more enduring, even than political, social, or ecclesiastical organizations, for they cease with life, but the knowledge of Beauty, having its material in every production of the Eternal one, must avail us while the Eternal endures, and be to us everlasting delight and satisfaction.

## THE HEIDELBERG BROTHERHOOD.

BY GUSTAV LESTON.

NO. II.

## JOAN OF ARC IN ART.

I WAS walking down the promenade, before the artist's lodgings one afternoon, just after one of those showers, that drench the town almost every day in summer, and which are always accompanied by sharp and heavy throes of thunder, awakening a redoubling echo among the mountains that shut in the valley of the Neckar above the rapids. The gravel of the walk had rapidly absorbed the rain, and the trees shone in all the brilliancy of an untainted lively green, each leaf tipped with its crystal drop.

The artist sat at his window, in dressing-gown and a jaunty red velvet cap on his head, whose gilt cord and tassel were hardly unclouded by usage. The nose and fore-paws of Beau, his greyhound, just appeared above the sill beside him; while a wave of the hand, and a seeming forgetfulness of the cigar it held, showed that he was deeply engaged in the book, whose perusal deafened his ears to the moderate tone, with which I called to him. Beau was not so abstracted, and leaping into his master's lap, so that he could plant his feet upon the outer sill, he commenced to wag his tail, and whine a recognition, that soon drew my friend's attention, just as I was about entering his street-door. I heard the hound scratching at his door, as I ascended the staircase, and he leaped upon me in delight when I went in.

I found the artist enraptured for the fortieth time, with the *Jungfrau von Orleans* of Schiller, and his table was spread with books, which he had consulted in relation to the development of her character. He turned over his portfolio, and showed a number of sketches, illustrative of her person and career; studies of various kinds for a painting which he contemplated.

"Yes," said I, "posterity seems to have a truer idea of the character of the maid, all but that arch-renegade, Voltaire."

"Voltaire!" cried he, with some emotion, for he seemed to feel the insult offered to his favorite's memory in the *Pucelle* of the distinguished Frenchman. "The sight of the holy maid's oriflamme would have blasted the scoffer's eye! Schiller! Schiller! He is the true appreciator of Joan! How indignantly he addresses the old villain in some stanzas on his poem. I have translated them, if I can find it." He turned over a few leaves of his portfolio, and found a sheet, on which he had written, as follows—

"The nobleness of man thou wouldst drag down,  
And mockery makes thee grovel in the dust;  
Wit ever wars with Beauty for the crown,  
In God and angels never places trust;  
And fain would rob the bosom of its pride,  
But conquers Error to hurl Faith aside.

"Like thee, oh maid, with childish nature blest,  
Herself a gentle shepherdess, the muse  
Holds forth a kindly hand to the distressed,  
And takes thee, soaring 'mid the starry views;  
With glory e'er she robbeth thee on high,  
The heart thy Maker, thou shalt never die.

"It glads the world to smear with its black arts  
The purity of all its lofty ones;  
But, never fear! for there are honest hearts,  
Which warm with Virtue's glow, as with the sun's.

Momus may triumph o'er the subject mart,  
There's noble men to love the noble heart."

"Yes," said he, after a pause, "Joan of Arc was a character, whose true impressiveness consists more in its humble traits, developed under such attending circumstances, than in any supposition of physical or mental strength, that could make her an Amazon or a sage. I remember," he continued, "a few years ago, after a winter spent in Paris, I visited with some artist friends the valley of the Loire, and we joined the river's banks at Orleans, the scene of her first triumphs. It was a Sunday morning, when we strolled from our hotel, and suddenly emerged into a large square, which was bristling with bayonets, and noisy with the rap-tap of drums. A review of the regiment of the garrison was going on. High above the heads of the crowd, on a dingy pedestal, we observed an equally dingy bronze figure, which at a distance, we thought resembled as much as anything a large eagle, with wings high poised, as if just descending from flight. By dint of elbowing through a crowd, we got near enough to it, to see it was intended for a statue of the Maid of Orleans, with extended sword, and holding a flag above her head, and one foot forward in the true theatrical attitude; the artist had implied his conception of the most impressive part of her character, as a leader of soldiers to the fight! The incident of the hour gave something like an appropriateness of surroundings to the figure, the rattle of the drums seemed almost to impart a wave to the weapon, and despite the affectation of the figure, and the incorrectness of the costume, there was a semblance of poetic life. But it did not satisfy us. She had rushed impetuously to battle truly, but with nothing of the routine of soldiery—the warrior was not her impressive part. Her noblest nature was, in her self-communions. We did not want to look at her as the instigator to carnage. We wanted to see some traces left of the simple shepherdess of Domremy!"

"True," said I, "most people seem to have a false idea of real dignity. There is so much conventionality in the conception of it—mere theatrical clap-trap. One would almost believe that such persons would think, that a hero went to bed habitually in armor and boots, and wore a majestic frown while he slept. I believe it to be as much a stroke of genius for an artist to bring his hero down to the man of common impulses and human feelings, as it is for him to raise his conceptions to a colossal magnitude, unformed by some conventional treatment. Take that common picture of Napoleon Crossing the Alps—originating, I believe, with David—where we have the hero seated in a theatrical attitude, on a prancing steed of a very delicate mould of limb, with his cloak streaming beautifully on the breeze. If we go to the true history of the matter, we shall find that when he didn't trudge along on foot over the pass, he sat awkwardly astride a donkey—somewhat as Delaroche has painted him."

"Yes," said the artist, "but what has Powell done in his picture in the Rotunda of our capitol at Washington, where De Soto discovers the Mississippi, sitting in the midst of gay knights, on a lordly, fat charger, without a speck of dirt about him?"

It strikes me, that the scene as history records it, would have been the more impressive—where way-worn and famished, with their jaded horses and tattered equipments, they found exhilaration for their spirits, and a forgetfulness of their sufferings in the long desired consummation of their wishes—a view so fraught with a meaning of future importance.

**MYSELF.**—Of course no fault can be found with a desire to dignify a subject, if by the phrase, it be meant, a wish to render the matter imposing in the highest degree; but the very impressiveness of the passage of the Alps by Bonaparte, consists, in the way in which he actually did it, and that toiling, slumping donkey, led by a coarse peasant, with the hero sitting, too much engaged with mighty thought, to give heed to the poise of his body, offers to the mind a subject for contemplation vastly superior to anything a military pageant with flying banners could have afforded. The artist above all others should know the distinction between real and reputed dignity. He should be a bold freeman, and submit to no tinsel show or empty imposition. He should no more bow to the Austrian hat upon the staff, than Tell did.

**THE ARTIST.**—You have a correct idea of the peculiar independence an artist should sustain, assuredly. But let me continue my story—

It was during the same forenoon, that chance took me by the Hotel de Ville, and in the ample court-yard before the edifice, where there was not a person present to gaze on her, there stood the Maid! I had seen her before arrayed in all the virgin purity of the quarry, in one of the stately galleries of Versailles, but here, as if taking a hue from the troublous times, that were once upon the spot, she appeared in all the sober dignity of bronze. It was a cast in that metal from the celebrated statue by Mary of Wurtemberg, presented to the city by her father, Louis Philippe—a worthy tribute from one of her own sex, and a descendant of that very Charles the Seventh, who owed his coronation at Rheims to the Maid. There she stood, clad in a simple mail, her head declined, her eyes calmly gazing upon the weapon in her folded arms—upon

“The crucifix that hilted her hallowed sword,”

and her mouth still showing the symptoms of firmness in the midst of the mood of resignation, that has evidently fallen upon her. Was she thinking of the time, when a simple maiden, she watched her sheep upon the hill-side? or was it thus that she stood in the cathedral, while the *Te Deum* was chanted for the glorification of God, that He had restored to the maid and her king, the almost abandoned city of Orleans? or perhaps, she appeared thus in that other cathedral of Rheims, where the monarch was consecrated with holy oil, and she stood upon his right hand in the gaze of the assembled multitude. Perhaps she was dreaming with something like a prescient knowledge of the ordeal which was to come. And this was the statue—the original of which, the provisional government in 1848, in anticipation of an assault from the populace, found it necessary to conceal by a false calorifere. It would have been a noteworthy event if the statue of her, whose ashes were received by

the Seine at Rouen, as a sacrifice of superstition and a mad bishop, had been tipped from its pedestal at Versailles to appease an infuriated rabble, who could point to no worthy representative of their station, than this same peasant girl of Lorraine, who ever retained her maidenly dignity and lowliness of character, through all vicissitudes; and when her monarch crowned her with honors, she could ask for no greater boon, than that her native hamlet might forever be exempt from the burden of a tax. To the honor of succeeding sovereigns, be it said, that down to the Revolution, against the name of Domremy, in the registry-book it was written, “Nothing, for the maid’s sake,” instead of the amount assessed for each succeeding year. The Germans spared it when they marched through to Paris, after the defeat of Waterloo. This little village, I believe (he continued looking over his note-book), also possesses as the gift of the citizen-king, another cast of the Princess’s statue. Montaigne in his travels found here, the cottage of her parents, whose front was daubed over with rude representations of her life scenes. The building, piece by piece, had fallen into decay, and in 1818 only one room remained, which was said to have been the identical one occupied by Joan, and was then used as a stable, when it was purchased by the government, and the further work of desecration put an end to. The room is now the receptacle of a picture of the maid, done by Laurent, a Paris artist, and presented by Louis XVIII.; but I know nothing more of it than that it represents her kneeling before an image of the virgin in an oratory.

At Orleans, on the old bridge, a statue was erected to her memory not long after her death, as the accounts say; but nothing further of it is known. As the good folks of Orleans still entertained sufficient belief in her being alive, as to make a guest of an impostor, some eight or nine years after her martyrdom, who claimed to be the heroine escaped from captivity, voting her thanks and a sum of money—it would not be surprising to discover that this same personation of the maid (which was destroyed by the Revolutionists in 1792, to be cast into cannon) was nothing more than the effigy of the impostor. For the same reason doubt may be thrown over our early portrait of her which is preserved in the city hall, which purports to be painted in 1581 from an older picture, and represents her in a theatrical posture, robed in the female habiliments of the time of Francis the First—in all respects an unworthy representation of her. The respect which the townspeople held for her memory, however, is by no means on the wane, and commendable as it is, it deserves some better expression than the bronze caricature of the public square. To this day they do not permit, however, the 8th of May, the anniversary of her raising the siege, to pass without some public demonstration, when the magistrates march in procession around the limits of the ancient town, mass being performed in the cathedral, and a discourse pronounced upon the theme.

In an open place just back from the river’s side, at a point where the old bridge touched the left bank of the stream, stands a pedestal and column surmounted

by a small cross, and bearing this inscription: *In Memory of Jeanne D’Arc, called the Maid, the pious heroine, who the 8th of May, 1429, on this very spot, saved by her valor, the city, France and her King.*

I was standing with my friend reading this legend, when an old man in a blouse, tottering up to us, bade us good day, and invited us to view a sight, whose locality he designated by a pointing of his finger in the direction of a neighboring inn. He led us through the court among broken carriages and stray wheels, and entering at once the kitchen of the establishment, demanded with an air of familiarity, a light of an old woman who was at work there. By mounting a sooty, rickety stool, she knocked about the various occupants of a high chimney-shelf, and procured the dirty, besmeared last-end of a candle, which the old man lighted, while the good dame looked at us with much amazement, that we could consider a look at her cellar, worth all that trouble to her. Gathering sufficient faith to feel a confidence that there was something to step on and uphold us, we resigned ourselves to his leading, and entering through a narrow dark aperture, which was intended for a door, we found that though descending, we only went down to a certain extent with each step, which was quite instrumental in convincing us, that there must have been a staircase, if we couldn’t see it. A damp chill ran over me just after I had bumped my head against something, that I could almost swear was an iron spike, and we all soon began to feel a penetration of moisture through our shoes, and experience a slight instability in our footing on the slippery clay. We stumbled against something that sounded as hollow as a barrel, while it sent forth the effluvia of decaying cabbages. The old man groped ahead of us, without seeming in the least annoyed by the hot drops of tallow which fell upon his wrist as he held the candle over his head. He stopped, and passing one arm around my back, and holding me as a kind father would who was pointing out to a dear little sonny a wild beast in a menagerie, he explained to us that a cavernous depth of blackness in this direction, and another in that, were the embrasures of an old fort—the same which Joan had stormed in her attack upon the English at the siege, and that certain rings above in the ceiling—which he placed my hands upon, while I sonny-like was in a retreating mood—were the identical fixtures by which in those days, before gun-carriages were thought of, the ordnance were suspended for service. He seemed to be aware of the elasticity of a sonny’s credulity, when pointing to a third centre of abysmal gloom, he whispered to me that it was an entrance to the passage, now filled up, which formally led to the river, and under it to the town. We, of course, did not like to object and bring on a discussion of whys and wherefores in such a place, and I instinctively laid a hand upon my watch-pocket. If the light should only go out! we thought; what then? There was not much of the candle left. The tallow had less chance to cool as it trickled down, and if it should pour out too hotly upon the old man’s hand to make him drop it!—Whiff! whiff! There was an inlet somewhere for this breeze. The flame has left the wick—

it flies back upon it again—once more it is gone—and a succeeding rush prevents its return altogether. Dark as Erebus! "Well, well, Monsieur, wait a minute!" and we heard the old man trudge up the rocking staircase, one foot after the other. "Madame! madame!" we heard faintly in the distance, and then succeeded loud talking and a scampering about, and a bang-bang of something, which at once suggested to our nimble senses, the possibility that the cellar-door had closed upon us for no good intent. It was not a minute, however, before we heard a creak, and soon caught a faint glimmering ray, which we rushed upon with no great regard to what might chance to be in our way; and even the swimming vapors from the frying-pan seemed greatly to revive us, as we gained once more the vitiated light of day in the kitchen above.

On our way to the hotel we accidentally in one of the numerous narrow, dirty lanes of the town, came upon a stray bit of brown stone architecture, somewhat elaborately worked out, and strangely in contrast with the poverty about it, although some boards and a few old rags filled up the apertures that were once the windows. It looked as though it might have formerly been the porch of a church, although we found no evidence on that point. We stood looking at it, and happened to observe at the window of an opposite cabaret a pair of black eyes in a brown freckled face, looking at us from behind a score of bottles and a string of pipes. We entered and commenced our process of initiation into the dame's good graces by ordering a cent's worth of red wine, which was produced in a tumbler and a-half! Strange to say, we got so engaged in talking that we forgot to drink it, which the good woman probably took as no affront, since it could be sold over again to some one more athirsty than we were. Joan of Arc she had heard of, and that old building she had seen before her eyes for the Lord-knows-how-many years. Further than this she couldn't depose much, even in a court of justice. Her idea of the Maiden was something between a termagant and the Holy Virgin, but explicitly what, she couldn't explain. We induced her at last to find the key for us, for there was a large padlock hanging to an old door, which was lacking one hinge, and almost the other. Certain lusty calls up a side alley brought out a big, rolling old woman, who was made acquainted with our desire to see the inside of it. A little blue-eyed, flaxen-headed urchin brought it along, and with our assistance opened the door. A pile of old rags, the deposits of numerous rag-pickers in Orleans, reached nearly to the ceiling, and an old frame-work of a staircase, which wanted half the treading-boards, led to a chamber above, which seemed to be the receptacle for broken dishes, old bottles and dusty cobwebs. So we found no traces of Joan here, and the result of this effort only corroborated our opinion of the unworthy estimation in which the maid was held by the illiterate townspeople. Just as we were leaving the spot, we were accosted by an officer of one of the regiments stationed in the city, who proved to have been born and bred but a few miles from Domremy, the home of the heroine; and naturally prompted to an interest in her history, he assured us, that

the various attempts he had made to discover traditional remembrances of her among the people, had only resulted in the vaguest of ideas, and totally unworthy of her character.

MYSELF.—Southey seems to have led the way in England to a better appreciation of her.

THE ARTIST.—Yes; Southey's *Epie* was written in all the flush of youth, and in the fullness of a generous heart. He had already possessed himself of a mastery of language, and a fluency that often runs into diffuseness. An enthusiast, like the maid herself, he walked at the time the streets of Bristol, without the means in his pocket for purchasing subsistence, and the portrayal of her character was to him its ever exceeding great reward. It was at the time he was dreaming his Utopian dream of America, and he destined it as a parting legacy to his country, which, as he said, might perhaps preserve his memory in it. However, as you know, the subscriptions were not abundant, and it was only through the kindness of Cottle and his fifty pound note that it saw the light.

MYSELF.—Don't you think that Southey neglected the utmost capabilities of the subject by ending his poem with her coronation of the king?

THE ARTIST.—Yes, certainly; but he was bound too much by the unities, those most senseless fetters of the poet's soul.

MYSELF.—But he might have conveyed the whole story, and preserved his unity, by throwing the history of her first determination into a narrative episode at some later stage.

THE ARTIST.—You are right. Moreover, I am sorry that he should have given place to anything of a supernatural character. I deem her character to lose all its impressiveness the moment we ascribe to it, anything more than human. Therein Schiller, I have always thought, made a great error; nor do I think that he had any warrant for changing the true mode of her death into the clap-net affair he has made of it—"a rosy death," as Schlegel calls it. A poet, to be sure, must be allowed considerable latitude in dealing with the facts of history; but I see no reason why they should be perverted for any conventional purpose. In this tragedy, Schiller's genius truly glows with a brilliancy that he hardly excels in any of his others; but even this does not reconcile us to having all those cherished notions we had formed in our school-days, as we read her story in our picture-books, and conned it in our academy-histories—hurled aside to suit the caprice—or even the poetic sense in another. Schiller certainly needed not to have made the plea of difficulty in following the received story; but he seems to have done it, nevertheless. I consider it by no means the feeblest of his dramas, as some critics pronounce it.

MYSELF.—Southey, you recollect, threw out in his second edition all the mechanism of the "Visit to Hell," which he had wrought up in Dante's fashion.

THE ARTIST.—He did; and he acknowledges in his prefaces, that it is not by the aid of angels and devils, that she is truly to be raised above ordinary humanity. He thinks that it should be her deep feeling of inspiration alone—her own belief in her

heavenly agencies, and not the poet's recognition of them. Thus he makes her say,

"God is in me!

I speak not, think not, feel not of myself!"

MYSELF.—Yes: I find he says here, "The palpable agency of superior powers would destroy the obscurity of her character, and sink her to the mere heroine of a fairy tale."

THE ARTIST.—He is correct there. The apparition of the Black Knight is a subterfuge paltry enough in Schiller, and only his genius saves him. There is no miracle attributed to her, that needs any such hypothesis for an explanation. As for the sword, which was found according to her prediction, in the church at Fierbois, it is very likely she may have seen it there, when she passed through the town on the way to Chinon, and attended mass at its altar; or it is not improbable that one may have been brought, purporting to have been found there; for the French well knew the straits to which they were reduced, and would gladly take any pretext to signify a divine interposition, which might renew the courage and remove the despondency of their party. We have clear evidence that the chiefs of the army could hardly have believed in any superhuman agency belonging to her, for they always appear to have considered that she was but fit by her reputed inspiration to ex-hilarate and animate their troops with courage, while they themselves were ready enough to undertake the direction of it. This alone would seem to indicate that the delusion was only on her own side, and was turned to the advantage of the king, by those who only appeared to believe in her inspiration in the presence of his majesty and the army. Very likely there was many a partisan who had faith in her as a *tool*, who could have taken the opportunity to inform her of the deceit of a mock king, intended to be passed off on her at her first interview with the sovereign, and have secretly advised her of the means of recognizing Charles. Or, indeed, she might naturally have been mistrustful of such a proceeding, and picked out the person, whose appearance accorded with what she had heard was that of the king, even if she had never seen his likeness. Again, Charles affirmed that she disclosed a secret to him, that was only known to himself, which was nothing more than a certain prayer he had uttered, which it is intimated the king's bedfellow overheard, and with which he not unlikely acquainted the maid.

MYSELF.—There certainly would appear then to be no great reason for a belief in her superhuman agencies on account of any incontrovertible manifestations of it.

THE ARTIST.—And I believe it must have been as evident to the leaders of Charles's army as to us. She presents herself to us as a true, but self-deluded maiden, and the unfortunate dupe of designing men. There is a mystery about her examination before the doctors of the University that leads us to doubt of the sincerity of their purpose, as if they were performing a farce for the bewilderment of the people: It is this peculiarity of her influence upon the army, abetted by the deception of their leaders, that makes her self-delusion so interesting in her behalf, for we seem to feel the precariousness of her station, when any circum-

stance that might place them above the need of her, would only induce them to resign their support, or expose an apparent temerity to the populace. Her character thus gains from the risk she unknowingly incurs; and when we see her at the stake, uncheered by any remembrance from her countrymen, in the shape of a protest against the cruelty, we see but too plainly that, when unavailable, she was little cared for.

MYSELF.—It is the early part of her career that is most imposing in my estimation.

THE ARTIST.—Perhaps it is as a whole. Just consider the circumstances of the case. We have a kingdom, whose monarch is deprived of half his dominions, and driven from his capital by an invading host, who are allied with one of his own provinces. Hatred is naturally engendered among the rest for that faithless section. The very boys of the country adjoining it make incursions, and the youths of each engage one another in deadly strife. Her native village is invaded, and she is obliged to fly with her parents to the woods, or seek an asylum in other quarters. Imagine the effect of this on a young girl of the greatest susceptibilities, simple in her ways, open-hearted, and who spent her time in tending the flock or visiting the sick. Witnesses at her trial testify how kind a daughter she was. The emissaries of her judges could find nothing in her early life, to be made a pretext for their contemplated cruelty. Like other children, she was brought up in the belief of supernatural powers, and the existence of fairies. The household stories were those of the Roman martyrologies. The people of her village all believed in a tradition, that a maid was to arise among them, who would lead back their despairing country to the paths of glory. All these things might naturally have such an effect upon a young and sensitive girl, as they appear to have had on Joan. When she was no more than thirteen we are told she had her visions. Two or three times a week, for some years, she would hear, as she thought, voices addressing her, urging her to the high task, as pointed out in the legend of the country. All maidenly reluctance only elicited rebukes and further incitements from these attendant voices. At last she felt herself the appointed maid, and vowed to consecrate her virgin state to God. "She is inspired, because she *thinks* herself so," is Carlyle's estimate. Assuredly there must have been in that rapt enthusiasm a tone of inspiration, when she disclosed to De Metz her delegated purpose, and induced him to grant her the escort with which she took her way through a hostile region, to seek the king at Chinon.

MYSELF.—This is a fine passage in Schiller's drama, in which she takes her leave of the scenes of her childhood, and all the more pathetic it appears, if we recollect how she longed to return to them once more, when she felt her destiny accomplished in the coronation at Rheims.

THE ARTIST.—You will allow me to read you a translation of that passage—

"Farewell, ye mountains, ye beloved pastures!  
Ye lone, familiar valleys, fare ye well!  
Joan will never more among ye wander,  
Joan now bids ye all a last farewell!"

Ye gardens I have watered, and ye flowers  
That I have planted, bloom ye on forever!  
Farewell, ye grottoes and ye cooling fountains!  
Thou, Echo, fondest voice of every vale,  
Who answered oft my song with sweet refrain,  
Joan now goes, and never comes again!

"Ye scenes, where I have twined my pleasure-wreaths,  
I leave ye now behind forever more;  
And ye, my lambskins, scattered o'er the heaths,  
Shall want a tender eye to watch ye o'er;  
On bloody fields, where hot the battle seethes,  
I have another troop to go before;—  
So say the Spirit-voices round me thronging;  
And what impels me is no earthly longing."

"For He, who erst came down in burning glow,  
To Moses upon Horeb's height of fire,  
Who bade him stand before King Pharaoh;  
The stripling who in Jesse owned a sire,  
He bade as champion to the shepherds go,  
And proved propitious to their least desire,  
To me He spake from out this branching tree,  
'Go hence! and make men witness Me in thee!"

"And rugged metal shall thy limbs enclose,  
Thy bosom heaving 'neath a coat of steel,  
Thy heart discarding all its loving throes,  
Shall never lust, or earthly passion feel;  
Nor bridal wreath upon thy locks repose,  
Never a child shall draw from thee its weal;  
Yet will I raise by battles' honor raise  
Above all other women by thy praise."

"When in the fight the boldest may despair,  
When hasteneth the fate of France amain,  
My oriflamme of victory to bear,  
Even as the hasty reaper swoops the grain,  
Shalt thou strike down the haughty victor there,  
And turn the wheel of Fortune once again;  
Safety to the hero-sons of France to bring,  
Make Rheims rejoice, and crown thy country's king."

"A sign great Heaven has promised me—a sign  
Which in this iron helm is come from Him,  
To stir within me all the power divine,  
While through me flames the life of cherubim,  
Deep in the battle's tumult shall it shine,  
And urge me on amid its wildest din;  
The potent war-cry on my senses falls;  
The charger prances, and the trumpet calls!"

MYSELF.—Have you done the same by her address to the king, at her first audience in Chinon?

THE ARTIST.—You shall hear it:

"Most mighty Sir, they call my name Joan;  
I am the humble daughter of a shepherd,  
Who dwells in Domremy, a little hamlet  
Within the circle of the church of Toul.  
I kept my father's sheep from childhood up;  
And much and often I have heard the folk  
Relate of stranger islandmen, who cross  
The sea, to bring us into servitude,  
And place upon our throne a foreign prince,  
Whom this thy people hold in such abhorrence,  
And that already they thy chiefest city,  
Paris, are now possessed of, and their power  
Is grown well-grounded through the realm of France.  
I wept and called upon God's holy mother,  
That she would break these foreign chains and turn  
Such shame away, and guard our native king."

Fast by this place, where I was born, there stands  
An ancient image of the Holy Virgin,  
Near which to pious pilgrims much is shown.  
A holy oak grows not far off, and famed  
For many wonders in the power of grace.  
There in its shadows I have loved to sit  
Keeping my sheep. My heart oft led me there;  
And if a lamb had wandered from the flock,  
And lost itself among the mountain wilds,  
In dreams beneath the shadow of this oak,  
I always traced its way; and once the while  
I lay the whole night long resisting sleep,  
Beneath this tree in pious meditation,

The Holy Virgin stood before me there  
With sword and standard—otherwise she seemed  
As I, a shepherdess, and thus she spake—

"Tis I, arise Joan, and leave thy flocks!  
Thy God would have thee keep another charge!  
This standard take; gird on this sword; go forth,  
Destroy this stranger foe my people have,  
And lead thy king and master's son to Rheims,  
And set the crown upon his royal head!"  
I made reply—"And how such deeds as that  
Can I, a weakly maiden, undertake,  
Untaught in all the bloody arts of war?"  
And she made this return—"A weakly maid  
Accomplishes such noble deeds on earth,  
If she withstands the heat of earthly love.  
Behold in me, a maiden chaste as thou,  
Who has to God's own issue given birth,  
And am divine myself!" and then she touched  
My eyelids, till I looked and saw above  
The heavens were swarming with an angel host,  
Who bore white lilies in their folded hands,  
And tones the sweetest wavered through the air;  
And so three nights, the one upon the other,  
The Virgin came, and called, 'Arise, Joan!  
Thy God appoints thee to another charge!'  
And on the third night when she so appeared,  
She seemed in anger, chiding me e'en thus—  
'Obedience is the woman's lot on earth,  
And patient suffering her heavy fate;  
Enduring servitude she groweth strong,  
Is great in Heaven, who is on earth a thrall.'  
And as she spoke, she let her shepherd garb  
Fall down and lo! as Queen of Heaven, she stood,  
In sunny beams, and golden clouds waved round  
And bore her, waning, to the Land of Light."

MYSELF.—You were at Chinon also, I think?

THE ARTIST.—Yes: here's a sketch I made of it, from the banks of the river, a half mile or so below. It is the Vienne, you remember, a branch of the Loire. The ruins, you observe, occupying the complete area of a platform of rock some three hundred feet above the river. They were a little too whitish, and there was too great a sparsity of foliage on the rocks to make it a very picturesque sight. Some of these flanking towers on the very edge of the precipice are tolerably well preserved. The town is a miserable affair, crowded on the river margin below. We entered the path by which we climbed to the ruins, from a dirty arena, encumbered with blocks of stones, brought from the quarries which undermined the hill; while diligence and wagon of every description were crowded together in one corner. A column stood in the midst, which made some pretensions to sculptural decoration, dispensing on four sides a stream of water from as many mouths of some nondescript beast, while a throng of white-capped women were constantly coming and going with their pails. A high turreted gateway, forming the outer entrance to the castle, seemed almost to impend above this court on the edge of the rock. A steep pathway led us up to it, and we passed into the circuit of the ruins. They occupy a large area, which is subdivided into courts, and at present laid out with paths, and vegetable beds. There is a variety of arched caverns, oubliettes, crumbling towers, parts of walls, and ditches spanned with dilapidated bridges, while a large fosse cuts off the promontory from the ridge of hills, which is a continuation of one side, and on the other three the declivity is very steep to the level below. The section that is most interesting is that pointed out as the hall in which Charles the Seventh received



Joan, when he sought to deceive her by assuming a disguise among his courtiers. We walked upon the turf, with here and there a clump of bushes upon it, while a massive fire-place designated the original level of the floor as having been four or five feet above. The walls were jagged and crumbling, overgrown with vines and tufts of grass; and irregular embrasures, that required some clambering to reach, marked the windows; into one of whose recesses the maid led the king, and confided to him the secret known only to God and himself, which seems to have had so great an influence upon his putting trust in her. Patches of the original plaster clung to the walls, and in a few places some slight traces of the paint that decorated it could be observed. It was after we had mounted to the old sills of the windows, that the charm of the spot was most apparent; for the view that they commanded was not only extensive but delightful. We could well imagine why it had been the favorite residence of the French kings, and that the Plantagenets of England had found it attractive. Henry the Second, cursed with unthankful children, here breathed his last, and in the neighboring abbey of Fontevrault, hidden from our view by intervening heights, we afterwards saw the effigies that adorned his sarcophagus, together with that of the Lion-hearted Richard, and the queens of Henry and John. They were rifled of the remains in the time of the revolution. Washing the quays of the little town, the Vienne run with its sparkling tide below, flowing through orchard and vineyard, the prospect bounded by undulating hills, into a dim distance, where it joined itself with the Loire.

MYSELF.—I see you have some further translations there.

THE ARTIST.—You shall hear it soon. Neither Southey or Schiller seem to have been able to portray the heroine, without giving her a dash of love. The English poet says of his course—"I have given her, not the passion of love, but the remembrance of subdued affection, a lingering of human feelings not inconsistent with the enthusiasm and holiness of her character." Accordingly, the burden of the passion is in Theodore, who had loved her long before she commenced her mission, and vowed to follow her whither she should go, while

"She of her bidding and futurity  
Awhile forgetful, patient of the embrace,  
With silent tears of joy bedewed his neck."

Again he exclaims—

"But to the battle! in the clang of arms  
We win forgetfulness."

Now, it was quite the reverse in Schiller's treatment. She first felt the throes of love, when an enemy was at her feet, about to die beneath her arm. The suddenness with which the German dramatist converts the heroine's hatred of Lionel into love, I have thought betrayed rather an independence of anything like the claims of plausibility, or else a weakness of invention, that can hardly escape censure. Schiller has certainly delicately distinguished the dreamy love of Joan from the terrestrial passion of Agnes Sorel for Charles. Her voices had warned her that it was only by her abstaining from every-

thing like love, that her power could be continued to her. She had already been tempted by the offers of Dunois, and had steadily and indignantly refused them, when she succumbed in the meretricious way I have indicated, at the sight of Lionel, an officer of the enemy. This is the turning point of Schiller's drama. Consciousness of what she had yielded to came upon her. She felt that her power was gone, and she had betrayed the trust imposed in her. An apparition confronts her, and warns her not to go to Rheims. She cannot desist, however, and is with the monarch in that city, which had made all the preparations for the ceremony. It was in a frame of mind natural after all this, that Schiller represents her, alone, just before the opening of the coronation festival, when she thus soliloquizes:—

"The weapons rest; and war's loud storm is o'er,  
And dance and song succeed to battle's woe,  
Through all the streets the merry people pour,  
Altar and church are decked in festive show,  
And leaf-green portals raise themselves before,  
And twining garlands round their pillars go;  
And wide-spread Rheims holds not the part, the least,  
Of pilgrims flocking to the people's feast!"

"A single joy the shouting crowd elates,  
A single thought is throbbing through each breast,  
And all so lately urged by bloody hates,  
Cry joyous to the jubilee's behest;  
Who'er to Frankish blood himself relates,  
Now proudest counts this dear bequest—  
Brightens the glory of her ancient throne,  
And France is glad her monarch's son to own."

"But I who all this jubilee have made,  
Am not as happy, where so many burn  
With general joy—'mid all this gay parade  
My heart is changed, and shrinks where it should  
yearn;

"For to the Briton's camp 'tis constant swayed,  
And on the foe my only look I turn;  
I must away from joy and public gaze,  
To hide the load that on my bosom weighs."

"Who? I? To dare with a lover's form  
My spotless breast to greet?  
This heart with heavenly glory warm,  
To dare with earthly love to beat?"

"Am I, the savior of my land,  
The warrior of God's high command,  
To feel a passion for my country's foe,  
To dare to say it to the sun's chaste glow,  
And hope that shame will spare me?"

[Strains of soft and melting music behind the scenes.]

"Woe is me! what strains of magic!  
What a transport to my ear!  
His voice in every tone repeated  
Maketh here his form appear!"

"Oh, for the battle's storm to seize me,  
And clashing arms to sound around,  
For amid the reeky conflict  
My resolve might yet be found."

"Oh, these voices! oh, these accents!  
How they wind about my heart!  
Every power within my bosom  
Vanishes in softest yearning,  
Melts away in sorrow's tears!"

[Pauses, then livelier.]

"Should I have killed him? Could I when I saw  
With eyes as these? Killed him! Sooner had I  
Struck deep the murderous steel in my own breast,  
And am I sinful, that I human was?  
Is pity—sin? Pity? Heard'st thou the voice  
Of Pity and Humanity, whence'er  
The sword of others made a sacrifice?  
Yet why be speechless, when the tender youth,  
The Welshman prayed to ask thee for his life!  
Oh, arrant heart! Thou mockest the eternal light,  
If Pity's holy voice can turn thee not!"

Oh, wherefore must these eyes behold him!  
And trace the features of that noble face!  
With that, thy single look, thy crime began;  
Unhappy heart! Thy God designed thy work  
To be accomplished with unseeing eyes:  
As soon as thou did'st see—the shield of God  
Forsook thee, and the snares of Hell were sprung!"

[The instruments repeat—she sinks into a quiet sorrow.]

"Peaceful crook! oh! had I never  
Changed thee for the restless sword!  
Had I never from thy branches,  
Holy oak, received the word!  
Oh, that never, Queen of Heaven,  
Thou had'st come unto my sense,  
For I cannot serve thee longer,  
Take thy crown, oh, take it hence!"

"Oh! I saw the blessed vision;  
Saw the Heavens in bending ope,  
Now there's naught for me in Heaven,  
On the earth is all my hope.  
Must thou yet a maiden's fortunes  
With this fearful summons seal?  
Should this heart of mine be hardened,  
That the Heaven has made to feel."

"Would'st thou give thy power expansion,  
Choose the guiltless, who from birth,  
Stand in thine eternal mansion—  
Spirits there to send to earth!  
Choose immortals and the sinless,  
Who never feel and never weep!  
Not a soft and weakly maiden,  
Who her flocks would sooner keep!"

"Ah, it grieves me, fate of Battles!  
And the jar of kingly pride!  
Sinless I would keep my lambskins  
On the tranquil mountain side.  
Still thou torturest my being,  
In the Halls of Princely line,  
As to make me thus the sinful,  
Ah! it was no choice of mine!"

After this she goes through the ceremony in a trembling manner. Her father who is present, accuses her of sorcery, before the whole court. The assembly are astounded; and she is dumb to all their questions—abashed that she should have failed in her holy purpose. A burst of thunder from heaven is considered by the host as a proof of her guilt, and the edict of banishment against her is promulgated. She goes forth, wanders about the country an object of charity, and at last falls into the hands of the enemy. While in chains in their possession, a battle is fought with the king's army. She miraculously breaks her fetters, flies to the fray, and decides the day in favor of her sovereign, not, however, without being mortally wounded, dying at last a triumphant death in the midst of her countrymen.

MYSELF.—The incidents are well wrought, and pathetically evolved, but to my mind, it is a question, if they make up for the chance, he would have had, if he had followed the history, making the coronation a moment of triumph for her, displaying the longing of her soul for her green home, when this object of her mission was accomplished, and showing how now the fullness of her prophecy and strength had departed, she ended all with her glorious martyrdom at Rouen.

THE ARTIST.—Yes; he could have done all that with the full recognition of mere human character. I think there is nothing gained and much lost by the allowance of the superhuman. It of course saps the foundation of history. It is, at any rate, far superior to the superstitions concerning

her, which were earlier in vogue. Considering the estimation in which she was held by his contemporaries, the character that Shakspeare assigns her partakes of something approximating to a proper appreciation, for he begins the play by representing her as inspired by heaven, and only corrupted by the demon of ambition afterwards. She pays for her temerity by losing the control of her spirits, who no longer obey her summons, and she is accordingly easily captured. Shakspeare is evidently quite captivated with a woman of her deeds, and spares no denunciation of her unholy judges. The Bastard in introducing her to the King, exclaims:

"The spirit of deep prophecy, she hath;"

while it is her enemy, Talbot, who calls her "a wretch and damned sorceress."

Joan stated at her trial, that it was her satisfaction never to have killed an enemy, and that she prepared to lead with her in-offensive standard, rather than with her sword. This, I account a trait in her character of marked importance, and her repugnance to such unfeminine deeds, considering her vocation and career, as suggestive of great dramatic power. Yet her delineators have all discarded the fact. Even if they desired to represent her as a virago, Mrs. Siddons, we think, was right in contending, that Lady Macbeth was all the more terrible in a person of frail and slender frame. Schiller makes Talbot fall by her hand, and renders her inexorable to the prayer of Montgomery. Southey makes her flash—

"Her fiery falchion through the troops,  
That like the thunderbolt where'er it fell,  
Scattered the trembling ranks."

History records that she turned at the sight of blood, and went over the field succoring the fallen foe. Southey paints it thus—

"She, stooping to the stream, reflected there,  
Saw her white plume stained with human blood,  
Shuddering, she saw, but soon her steady soul collected."

Shakspeare awards her a patriotism, that ill accords with the idea of a witch, and her language to the recalcitrant Burgundy, is worthy of a place in Schiller's higher appreciation of her—

"Look on thy country, look on fertile France,  
And see the cities and the towns defaced  
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!  
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,  
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,  
See, see the pining malady of France;  
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,  
Which thou, thyself, hast given her woful breast!  
O! turn thy edged sword another way:  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!  
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom  
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;  
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears  
And wash away thy country's stained spots."

MYSELF.—What point in her career shall you choose for your picture?

THE ARTIST.—I have found great difficulty in selecting one, that should give the greatest impressiveness to her character, and yet be true to most of her qualities. I rather recoil from any representation of her as a leader of soldiers, although should I decide upon that I would by no means give

her a physique of more than ordinary feminine development. History says she was delicate, and I think the great charm of the statue by Mary of Wirtemberg, is the sensitive frame and modest air that is discernible under her rapt devotional heroism. Black ringlets falling upon her shoulders, accord with the traditional account of her, but it will require great skill to prevent their asserting a degree of sensuality, that I would by no means have apparent. Southey's description has not the definiteness of painting, but is conceived, I think, in the right spirit:

"There was no bloom of youth  
Upon her cheek, yet had the loveliest hues  
Of health with lesser fascinations fixed  
The gazer's eye; for wan the maiden was,  
Of saintly fullness, and there seemed to dwell  
In the strong beauties of her countenance  
Something that was not earthly."

As for historical authority, you will find in De Serres, that "she had a modest countenance, sweet, civil and resolute; her discourse was temperate, reasonable and retired, her actions cold, showing great chastity."

I am inclined to think that the true dignity of her character could hardly be better expressed than by the scene of her trial at Rouen. That of her martyrdom, as she stood there upon the kindling pile, in the view of thousands, before the pavilion of her judges, gazing rapturously upon a rude cross that a soldier had hastily formed of a broken spear, is a scene to excite emotions, but the thought of torture. I would were away from all attempts in art. I prefer the trial, as we are too much engaged with the energetic dignity of the maid, to think of the certain consequences. I do not believe she ever made the recantation ascribed to it. Our only authority for such is the word of her accusers and enemies, and I hold it of little worth.

NOTE.—In the exhibition now open in the Boston Athenæum, there is a painting by Ducis (about 24 by 18 inches), representing Joan, bound to a column by a chain from her girdle, and sitting on the edge of a rude bed in her prison at Rouen. While she slept, her female clothes (which her judge had forbidden her to change for her male apparel under penalty), had been removed, and a man's armor and sword substituted. The moment chosen is when she wakes, finds the armor, and grasping the sword and helm, she contemplates the accompaniments of her former glory with rapture, and too greatly tempted, is about to clothe herself in them. A scribe sits in the shadow of the column watching her, and noting down her expressions. Two others and one of the bishops are holding converse behind him, with uplifted finger, and lurking tyranny in the eye. The moment chosen is a happy one, we think, and would have met the artist's approval, reminding us effectually both of her martyrdom and triumphs; but he would hardly have consented to the physique of the maid, which is too gross and somewhat sensual, and rather Amazonian in the limbs, as their appearance, as well as the slight manner in which she holds up the heavy steel casque, would signify. The half-open mouth is here, as almost always a failure; and the figure throughout seems to lack the charm of that peculiar feminine sensitiveness, which was so allied with her fortitude and daring. The painting belongs to Mr. William Hunt, and was formerly in the gallery of the late Col. Perkins of Boston.

#### THE LOST TITIAN.

The last touch was laid on. The great painter stood opposite the masterpiece of the period: the masterpiece of his life.

Nothing remained to be added. The orange drapery was perfect in its fruitlike intensity of hue; each vine leaf was carved, each tendril twisted, as if fanned by the soft south wind; the sunshine lapped drowsily every dell and swelling upland; but a ten-fold drowsiness slept in the cedar shadows. Look a moment, and those cymbals must clash, that panther bound forward; draw nearer, and the songs of those ripe, winy lips must become audible.

The achievement of his life glowed upon the easel, and Titian was satisfied.

Beside him, witnesses of his triumph, stood his two friends—Gianni, the successful, and Giannuccione the universal disappointment.

Gianni ranked second in Venice; second in most things, but in nothing first. His *colorito* paled only before that of his illustrious rival, whose supremacy, however, he ostentatiously asserted. So in other matters. Only the renowned Messer Carlino was a more sonorous singer: only fire-eating Prince Barbuto a better swordsman: only Arrigo il Biondo a finer dancer, or more sculptresque beauty: even Caterina Suprema, in that contest of gallantry, which has been celebrated by so many pens and pencils, though she awarded the rose of honor to Matteo Grande, the wit, yet plucked off a leaf for the all but victor Gianni.

A step behind him lounged Giannuccione, who had promised everything, and fulfilled nothing. At the appearance of his first picture—Venus whipping Cupid with feathers plucked from his own wing—Venice rang with his praises, and Titian foreboded a rival: but, when year after year his works appeared still lazily imperfect, though always all but perfect, Venice subsided into apathetic silence, and Titian felt that no successor to his throne had as yet achieved the purple.

So these two stood with the great master in the hour of his triumph: Gianni loud, and Giannuccione hearty, in his applauses.

Only these two stood with him; as yet Venice at large knew not what her favorite had produced. It was indeed rumored that Titian had long been at work on a painting which he himself accounted his masterpiece, but its subject was a secret; and while some spoke of it as an undoubted *Vintage of red grapes*, others maintained it to be a *Dance of wood nymphs*; while one old gossip whispered that, whatever else the painting might contain, she knew whose sunset-colored tresses and white brow would figure in the foreground. But the general ignorance mattered little; for, though words might have named the theme, no words could have described a picture which combined the softness of a dove's breast, with the intensity of an October sunset; a picture of which the light almost warmed, and the fruit actually bloomed and tempted.

Titian gazed upon his work, and was satisfied: Giannuccione gazed upon his friend's work, and was satisfied: only Gianni gazed upon his friend and upon his work, and was enviously dissatisfied.

"To-morrow," said Titian, "to-morrow